

The
SIEGE
OF
CALAIS

THE
SIEGE OF CALAIS
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
REV. A. L. FRISBIE.

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THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

A WHOLE year long besiegers pressed
The town of Calais and distressed
The city folk with war's alarms.
Through days and nights the men-at-arms
Watched from the walls the English host—
The rough invaders of their coast—
Who followed Edward's plume and lance
To spoil and sack and slay in France.

Now came the sally from the gates—
The desperate struggle with the Fates—
Which madly strove to thrust away
The ruin which before them lay.

Then in return came swift attack,
Hurling the beaten squadrons back
Upon the town. Quick to the wall

Clomb archers, slingers, lancers; all
In whose thin arms the pith remained
To wield a weapon battle stained—
For wife and child and native town,
To strike the hated English down.

So back and forth the strife had rolled
Through summer's green and autumn's gold,
And winter's chill and spring's soft breath—
A year of weariness and death.

No ships, full freighted over seas,
Brought sustenance to bustling quays.
No produce-laden wagon trains
Rolled in to swell the farmer's gains
And satisfy hard hunger's pains.

The harried fields, the driven kine,
The fat of France, the cheering wine,
All that the land in peace had stored,
Gave comfort then to England's lord;
And at his feet the white-winged ships,
Obedient to his haughty lips,

In sight of famished townsmen's eyes
Laid down the coveted supplies.

The weary watchmen on the towers
Wore out the tedious, torturing hours,
Peering through storm and shadows dim
To see, across the southern rim
Of the horizon, Philip come;
Sifted the gales for sound of drum
Telling of succor just at hand;
Or turned from the unfriendly land
To scan the sea, if haply thence
The cloud of God's deliverance
Might rise and blacken with His wrath,
To sweep, resistless in its path,
Through Edward's camp.

Nor eye nor ear
Caught sight or sound of Philip near;
And from the sea no rising cloud
Gave token that Jehovah bowed
The heavens to come to their defense,

With fully roused Omnipotence.

And famine came—grim, greedy, gaunt,
To reign in Calais. Spectral want
Spread his black wings above the town,
And ever glared more fiercely down
On all alike—on soldier, priest,
On prince and beggar. At the breast,
The babe whose birth the mother blest,
Puny and starving asked again
For one poor drop, and asked in vain!
The mother's heart within her died;
The fountain of her tears was dried—
And she beheld, with stony gaze,
The childish flock of happier days,
With sharpened face and wolfish greed
Go mad with hunger's horrid need.

On soldier forms, enfeebled, frail,
Sat loosely now the coats of mail.
The swords, oft drawn in battles gained,
Their edge and temper yet retained;

The battle-ax and massive mace
Lay ready in accustomed place,
But where, alas! were brawny thews
The sword and battle-ax to use?
The archer's hand, a shrunken thing,
Scarce able more to strain the string
And bend the bow, hung useless down—
So sorc was famine in the town.

The end was near. Not English skill
Nor valor had o'ercome the will
To fight, but famine, dread ally
Of Edward, won the victory.

But first, ere yet upon the wall
The white flag floated, one and all,
Led by the voice of faithful priest,
A last appeal to Heaven addressed.
To Him who breaks no bruiséd reed,
Nor coldly looks on hearts that bleed,
Arose the agonizing prayer
Of faith, just sinking in despair.

At sound of tolling matin bells
All, save the faithful sentinels,
Put useless swords and spears away—
Uniting heart and voice to lay
Their trouble at the feet of Him
At whose command the cherubim
Go forth, in glorious might, to save
The suffering, tried and fainting brave.

In the cathedral's stately pile
Close kneeling, filling nave and aisle,
Where light from slow consuming wicks
Fell on the lifted crucifix,
They meekly bowed before the shrine
Of Him, the human and divine,
Whom they adored. To guardian saints
Rose sad appealings and complaints;
And chief, to her whose mother breast
The infant Jesus once had pressed,
The much-enduring women cried
With faith still pleading though denied.

And thus, to Christ, the Son of man,
The fervent supplication ran:

[*A general petition of the people massed in the cathedral.*]

“O Jesu, whose love we most faithfully cherish,
Behold us in pity, we perish, we perish!
Thou hast walked with us men and taken our
nature—

Thou feelest the sorrow of each smitten creature.
Were not kingdom and power and glory all
given

To Thee, sublime ruler of earth and of heaven?
Thou, holding the stars, loosing bands of Orion,
Thy beloved canst save from the power of the
lion!

The thorn-crown Thou worest, so grievous and
gory—

To the cross Thou didst give Thy greatness and
glory

To ransom the lost and recover the sinning—

To vanquish the curse of our evil beginning.
O Love of the Lord, art Thou loving no longer?
O Power of the Lord, are our enemies stronger?
O Sword of the Lord, gleaming, girded with
thunder,
Smite our foes hip and thigh and cleave them
asunder!
O Hand of the Lord, that once scatteredst
manna,
Be opened once more—wake the grateful Ho-
sanna!
O Jesu, O Saviour, come now to deliver.
For succor to-day let us praise Thee forever!"

Then, for a little, all were still,
Waiting for sign of good or ill;
Waiting for proof that Jesus heard
And hastened to fulfill his word
Of promise in the ancient day,
To those who rich in faith should pray.

Then heavy hearted, silent men
Took arms and places once again,
Leaving the women grouped around
The Virgin's shrine. With hair unbound,
With haggard faces, famine scarred,
And woman's beauty soiled and marred
By care and fear and want and grief,
Those wives and mothers sought relief
Of her whose sinless motherhood
Gave us the holy child of God.

[*The women appeal to the Virgin Mary.*]

“O Mary, hail, thou Queen of Heaven—
Mother of God, to whom 'tis given
With the Celestial powers to plead
For all the faithful in their need.
Let the dear bulwark of thy prayers—
Thy mighty, interceding tears,
Defend us from our raging foes—
Roll back our overwhelming woes!

Our sons and husbands vainly die!
Lo! every burdened breeze goes by
With blessings borne upon its wings—
For all the world of living things—
For thousand happy hearts and homes;
Alas! to Calais nothing comes!
No help, no cheer, no hope, no bread,
No voice to say, ‘Be comforted!’
No sign of peace—no mercy more
For hearts fresh broken every hour.

Threatened by new and constant harms,
Our children seek in mother arms
Protection which we cannot give.

But, Lady, thou dost ever live
Close to the heart of God; and thou
Canst always give. O Mary, now
Implore thy Son—all angels move
By the dear urgency of love!

Thou who didst feel the infant hand
Of Jesus on thy cheek, command

Some power to help us from on high!
Thou in whose bosom Christ did lie,
Thou whose glad home in Nazareth
Was filled with sweetness of His breath,
We mothers, now before thee plead—
For homes and babes, O intercede!
O stir up Heaven, our hearts to spare,
O gain us mercy through thy prayer!

Sweet Mary, mistress of our hopes,
Come with the shining, heavenly troops
Before we die! O Mother, hear!
Let signs from thee at last appear;
For war and want and pestilence
Here long have pitched their gloomy tents,
And but for thee comes quick the end!
Mother of God! thy help extend!"

Then voices ceased and silence fell
And eyes gazed upward. Who could tell
But Mary would fling out the sign,
"I come to you with help divine,"

Along the sky? Through her at last—
The bitterness of death be passed?

On earth or sky no sign appeared;
No angel hosts their banners reared
Near by, or filled the heavenly arch
With sounding cadence of their march.

Did Mary sleep, or Christ, above?
Was there an end of God's dear love?

And while these cries were heavenward sent,
A pitiful accompaniment
Of childish plaint swept past the stars,
For audience in Immortal ears.

Like ghosts of voices, flickering, thin,
Pathetic, as if framed to win
Compassion from a heart of stone,
The children's cries addressed the throne—
Invoked the saints by loving names—
Arrayed their childish woe and claims—
Implored that blighting war might cease—
That soon again in blithesome peace

The little feet might lightly dance
Upon the blooming soil of France
Beyond the walls, while wine and corn
Were poured from Plenty's flowing horn.

And yet no sign! Was Mercy dead?
Was English hardness overhead?
Was there no dear and warlike saint
To note that sorrowful complaint?
To haste in light supernal, pure,
For Edward's swift discomfiture?

It well might be that soldiers' prayer
Should beat about the wastes of air
And find no answer from a God
Rejecting service stained with blood.

It might be that because of sin
The mother's prayers should fail to win
The Virgin's melting heart to bless.
But what confusion and distress
When, to the cry of innocence
Responds no angel of defense —

When hope and courage built on God
Fall fainting, as upon the sod
The flowers bow down their cups in vain,
And dying plead for sunnier rain.

No help, O God, from earth or sky—
From Saint or Virgin, or most High!
No tokens from the sea or land
Of swift deliverance at hand.

So black and terrible despair
Closed Calais round as closed the air.

KING EDWARD.

“Now by the rood, these beggars last too long!
Here like a dog by hole of burrowed fox
I’ve sat and watched a year; and still the game
Lies covered close while I get stiff of joint.
They’ve fought me well — I’ll even grant
them that,
And now they sullen skulk behind their gates
And watch me, while I silent bide my time.

But I can wait. 'Tis not our English way
To play at fast and loose! Despite the walls
That fence so well and long these stubborn
French,

I'll have their town. I have a staunch ally,
True to my cause, whose march they cannot
stay;

They've baffled me — they cannot baffle him !
For Famine laughs at battlemented wall,
Nor ever yet in deepest moat was drowned.
E'en though their streets and building stones
were bread,

Yet, soon or late, consuming mouths would make
An end of all and clamor loud for more.

I'll have the town and then I'll have revenge!
The months here wasted, the defeated plans,
The valiant soldiers maimed and sacrificed
Call for revenge. The day makes haste; my
hand

Shall sternly smite and soon what famine leaves,

And these persistent knaves shall see and feel
The retributions which an English king
Will mete to insolence and stubbornness.

I hate these French! They trample on my
rights.

This soil is mine by due inheritance,
But they hold fast to Philip, shred away
My provinces and flout me in the face.

I'll have this France, but first I'll have this
town,

And show their hare-brained impudence what 'tis
To play the fool and pluck the lion's beard!"

[Enter, hastily, a soldier of the guard.]

"My Liege, upon the loftiest tower
The white flag flies — the looked-for hour
Has come — proud Calais yields at last;
And see, beyond the gates has passed
A cortege like a funeral band,
To seek for mercy at thy hand."

EDWARD.

“ Well, let them come. I’ll see them at my feet
Crawl piteous in the dust and hear them beg,
But mercy they’ll not find in me. Too long
They’ve held the town and looked for Philip’s
aid

To send us scurrying to our English ports;
Too many of my soldiers have they slain.
Once, had they asked for terms, it had availed;
But now ’tis much too late—I’ll grind them
fine!”

[Enter Deputation from Calais.]

“ King Edward, Calais yields to thee;
She sends us to present her plea
For boon of kingly clemency.

We, loyal to our king of France,
Zealous his honor to enhance,
Have waited long for his advance.

We've stoutly fought on field and wall
For king and home and life and all
Men love by dearest names to call,

Without avail. We fight no more;
Food fails where plenty was before,
And famine enters every door

To hunt us like a savage thing.
We humbly our submission bring—
We seek the grace befits a king

Like Edward, whose illustrious name
Is heralded by eager Fanie.
As brave men beaten, without shame

And without fear we take the place
Of suppliants now before thy face,
And seek a brave king's sovereign grace.

EDWARD (*impatiently*).

“Well, are ye done? ’Tis not a whit too soon!
I want no more of honied compliment,
‘Great King,’ and ‘brave,’ and ‘eager Fame,’
and all
The string of Frenchmen’s empty flattery!
I am no babe to change my mood forthwith
At pretty sound of tinkling silver bell.
What care I for your loyalty to France?
’Twas naught but rank disloyalty to me.
What for your boasts that you have bravely
fought,
When all your fighting was to baffle me,
By better right than Philip master here?
You’re but a pack of stiff, rebellious knaves!
You’ve kept me knocking at your noisome town
A whole year long, and when the balance turns
And you are wanting found, you come to me,
And prate of valor and of loyalty,
And beg for favor of my *kingly* soul!

Too late, my smooth-tongued gentlemen—too late;

Your score is much too long. Our English phlegm,

Excited once, is not so soon allayed
By soothing poultices of oily words.

You want my terms? They shall be short and sharp.

I'll let my soldiers loose upon your town;
I'll crush your walls like egg-shells under foot,
And pull your houses round about your ears;
I'll fill you with the vengeance you deserve
And sweep you swift into the hungry sea!
Nor man nor child nor woman shall be left,
Nor temple's buttressed wall nor corner-stone,
To tell the coming time where Calais was!
These are my terms—go tell them in the town."

Thus in a passion Edward raged
Like a wild tiger, newly caged;
While, smit with shame, the English lords,
Astonished, heard his furious words.

And when he ceased, close pressing round,
Each knightly knee bent to the ground,
They claimed the soldiers' right to plead
For Calais in her hour of need.

“ ’Tis thine, O King, to give command;
’Tis ours to go where points thy hand;
Thine to receive from Heaven the crown,
Ours to maintain it e'er thine own;
About thy right and thee to plant
A wall of living adamant!

Thou knowest well it is our wont
To brave the battle’s bloody brunt,
And He to whose unhindered ken
Lie open all the thoughts of men,
Reads, writ on each heart’s inmost core,
‘Edward and England,’ evermore.

As we would save thee, sovereign lord,
From thrust of lance or stroke of sword
By taking to ourselves the blow,
So would we save thee, Edward, now;

Save not thy person but thy name—
Save from foul blot thy royal fame.
Save from thine anger's raging heat
Thyself and all that makes thee great;
Would put ourselves across the course
Thy passion takes and meet its force,
Rather than see our English king
Reproach and shame enduring bring
On England, on himself and us.

It is our right to meet thee thus;
To hold thy hand, thy heat repress,
Till all thy nature's nobleness
Forth shining from its brief eclipse,
Shall light thy gracious brow and lips.

Our fathers strove with thine to turn
The evil tide of Bannockburn,
And we, their sons, on land and sea
Have toiled and suffered, true to thee.
The scars of Cressy's dear-fought field
Thou knowest well are scarcely healed,

And we who helped thee win that day,
For England's sake and thine do pray
That thou will turn thy wrath away
From Calais. Let these Frenchmen learn
That English hatred does not burn
Forever! On such men as these,
We draw no sword e'en thee to please;
Nor canst thou ask thy knights to be
The ministers of butchery!
Our foes are men with bucklers braced;
Our hands too near our hearts are placed
To strike where there are none to harm--
The child that clings to mother's arm,
The mother, the gray-bearded sire
And famished men. Dismiss thine ire,
O, Knightly King, and ever be
The flower of generous chivalry!"

EDWARD (*with mock deference*).

"Good masters, I have heard. Methinks 'tis time

My crown were cut in bits and passed around
To each of you, that every one might be
Some vulgar fraction of a king. 'Tis time
For me to take the place of squire or groom—
To feed the swine of some great gentleman—
To act the clown for some mirth-loving lord,
To please his comrades and the dainty dames
With sparkling wit, like old ale kept on draught,
And take therefor my meager crust and bone,
When subjects say: 'Sir, King, we'll have it
thus,

And *so*, we will not have it!' King, forsooth!
There have been kings who'd waste no time in
talk

When subjects sought to rule. And yet, I know
You brave, and loyal I would fain believe.
I do recall your sacrifice in arms,
And for this once your arrogance I'll pass
And partly grant your wish. But you shall not
Defraud me wholly of my settled will.

Shall I o'er-look the wrong and insolence
These wretches have displayed, and once they
bend
The beggar knee, make haste to cry, ‘Enough!
I do forgive you all?’ It cannot be.
It shall not be. I swear it by the rood!
Go now, you French—these are my only
terms;
Six men of Calais I will have for mine.
On them I’ll do my will if all the rest go
free!
But mind you now, I’ll have no riff-raff sort,
But six who tower above the humbler crowd;
Who are to Calais what the giant oaks
In forests are to stunted underbrush.
Go send them forth and then we’ll talk of
peace!”

[These terms told in Calais.]

Loud pealed from stately tower the bell
In Calais like funereal knell,

And townsmen in the briefest space,
Expectant filled the market place
To learn their fate at Edward's hands;
They heard, awe-struck, his hard demands;
And each man looked in other's face,
And each man prayed the deadly place
Of honor might not be his own;
And frequent thoughts of Christ, alone,
Dying to pay the matchless price—
The world's delivering sacrifice—
Came to that strangely questioning crowd,
Baptized into the fire and cloud.
All hearts were numb, all voices hushed,
While tides of new emotion rushed
Tumultuous o'er each manly soul.

Who should fill out the victim roll?
Who name the martyr list and say,
“Go you and die, our ransom pay!
While we shall live to bless your deed
By which our Calais shall be freed;

While we shall build in reverent mood
Your monument of gratitude,
And teach our sons to distant days,
Your names to love, your deed to praise."

(*Self-devotion.*)

Then spoke the great souled Eustace de St.
Pierre:

"Good friends, the noblest office waits to-
day
For men to fill it. There's not been the like
In all the histories of towns and wars.
To high ambition now the highest place
Is offered freely to the man who will.

Now since it must not be that all the folk
Whom war and want and pestilence have spared
Should meet the storm-burst of King Edward's
wrath

And die at once, and since we may not
choose

The men to lay their heads upon the block
for sake

Of Calais, I'll be first. Stripped to the shirt,
Barefoot and with a rope about my neck,
I'll go to Edward. In the battle's front
I would have died, an offering for you all,
And called it glorious death, and welcome too!
What more is this? I will be one of six.
Perhaps the Lord whose love I oft have
grieved—

The Lord who died for sinners doomed to die—
Will count it something that I give my life
For your dear sakes and readier forgive."

A moment's pause and five devoted men
Stepped to his side—the list was made com-
plete

Of Calais' noblest sons, self-offered there,
To wear the crown of holy martyrdom.

[*They come out to Edward.]*

It was a doleful thing to see
That strange procession come,
And England's rugged chivalry
Stood wondering and dumb
As those six knights with haltered neck,
All clad in scantest dress,
With shrunken limb and sunken cheek
And patient lowness,
Passed on where haughty Edward stood,
Obscuring kingly grace
With angry look, disdainful, proud;
And knelt before his face.
“Here at thy feet we lay the keys
Of Calais’ castle-gate;
We wait, O King, what thou shalt please;
Thine is the hand of fate.
On us let retribution come!
We yield us here to die;

We seek not to avert the doom
That threatens in thine eye.
If we may serve sweet innocence,
The mother and the child,
And Calais save, be her defense
From carnage maddening, wild;
Then shall the swift and fatal blow
Our glad devotion prove—
Ours be the glory hence to go
The sacrifice of love!"

So, ready for their martyr fate,
At Edward's feet they meekly wait;
While stalwart men, inured to wars,
And seamed with frequent battle-scars,
Who through the strife relentless sped,
And looked unmoved upon the dead
Piled on the field—stern, stately men,
Grew pitiful as women then;
And eyes unwet since childhood's years,
Glistened with unfamiliar tears,

Melting the soldier's iron mood—
Quenching the thirst for foemen's blood.

When warriors, streaming from the town,
Had flung the gage of battle down,
It had been joy to poise the lance
And headlong ride—England on France!
It had been joy, in towering wrath,
With sword and mace to clear the path—
To thrust and strike, to wound and slay.

But all the battle-wrath that day,
In noble ruth had died away;
And scarce an English knight or lord
Who saw the deed and heard the word
Of that heroic soul, St. Pierre
And his companions, kneeling there,
Who would not quick have raised them up,
Freed them and bade them go with hope
And cheer, to wives and homes, to bear
The glad news pealing on the air,
“Rejoice! King Edward's royal grace

Discharges all and gives us peace;
The famished feeds, like God above,
Won by the sacrifice of love!"

But gentle pity made no trace
On Edward's hard, determined face;
His eye was lit by baleful fire
Of vengeance, his supreme desire,
And in his soul no resting place
Was found for blessed doves of peace.

Must he the huge affront forgive
Of Calais' insolence, reprieve
These starveling six and quite forego
His savage joy vindictive? No!
With but a drop left in the cup,
Might he, athirst, not drink it up?

Why suffer Mercy to beguile
Men of their tears and manhood, while
She stole the harvest due the sword?
Turned men to women by a word

From beggars on their cringing knees?
And now, would rescue even these
Through tender qualms—ignoble theft—
And thus, through *Pity*, would be left
In English hands no living thing,
To sate the vengeance of a king!

So by malignant powers of hell
Inspired, in bondage to their spell,
Darkly and madly reasoned he;
Then stooping, wrathful, suddenly,
He clutched the halters in his hand,
And gave with thundering voice command
To lead the men to instant death!

As, after winter, soft south breath
Calls springing leaf and flower to view,
And ministry of rain and dew
Mysterious charms of life unfolds;
So in that hour o'er English souls,
Like love of Christ sweet Pity swept—

And god-like things that long had slept,
By war's stern, wintry chill repressed
And hidden deep in soldier breast,
Awoke from sleep—rose up from death
At the caressing of her breath;
And desert souls burst into bloom
As though the spring of God had come,
And in the brightness of her face
Love's passion-flowers and growths of grace
Came forth to temper every trace
Of jealous hate or soldier scorn
With sympathy, divinely born.

As, in the northern atmosphere,
Wrapped in encircling sunshine clear,
The iceberg gleams, but nowhere yields
To beams that warm and bless the fields,
So Edward like an iceberg stood—

Another Shylock, claiming blood—
While mail-clad knight and veteran squire
Melted in Pity's holy fire.

[*Sir Walter Manny expostulates with Edward.*]

“O King of England, art thou king to-day,
Or does thy madness rule the day and thee?
O, wilt thou not restrain thy hasty hand,
Thy purpose alter and thy words recall?

Thou hast renown with just and knightly
men,
And good report, world-wide, for chivalry,
For valor and for kingly nobleness.

But if thy passion, like a flowing tide,
Shall sweep thee on to this extremest deed,
And these rope-girdled necks shall press the
bloek

And feel the headsman’s ax to satisfy
Thy will unyielding and thy fatal grudge,
Then everywhere will fingers point the spot
On Edward’s ermine, which no infant soul
Should e’er outshine in whiteness beautiful;
And in the speeoh of men thy name will
stand

For all that's hard and bitter in revenge!

Yes, little kings, who could not stand erect
If once thy crown were set upon their heads,
Will treat their gossips to the ghastly tale
Of Edward's cruelty to Calais' men,
And hold thee up to horror and reproach!

And old wives, as they croon the drowsy
child,
Will mix thy name with gross and fabled
names
Of monsters, man devouring, steeped in gore;
And thou, our *King*, wilt frighten infancy,
The dreadful specter of the 'Bloody man!'

And on all England there will fall a shame;
And all thy knights will stammer when they
try

To justify this purposed deed of thine.

O good my Liege, be king of Edward now;
O loose thy hand and cast away the ropes,
And let the men go free in sight of France—

In sight of God approving, over all.
So shall defamers hush their noisy tongues;
So shall be seen thy true and knightly soul,
And this day see thee newly crowned, A KING!"

EDWARD (*passionately*).

"'Sdeath, Master Walter, wilt thou hold thy tongue?

Yon river butts itself against the tide,
And yet the tide rolls in. The ocean's might
Lifts at its back and crowds it steadfast on.

My purpose swerves no more than swerves
the tide!

Thou'st seen the wave assail our English cliffs,
Moaning around them as in mortal pain
And sprinkling them with briny tears; and yet
Immovable the deep-set cliffs abide.

So stand I moveless 'gainst the beating wave
Of sentiment which spatters me with tears,
And moans about me with a doleful voice,
Because I am not weak and womanish!

Shall I, forsooth, let Calais go scot free,
Unwhipt for mighty damage she has done
To English honor and my kingly rights,
While, from her rabble, miscreant throng
I take but six instead of smiting all?
And shall I now surrender these, because
White-livered knights too dainty are become
To care for honor or to punish wrong?

I tell thee, man, thy begging is in vain!
And all the soughing sighs and dripping tears
That turn their pitiful artillery
Against the fortress of my settled will,
Are all for naught! I *will* not spare these
six

And Calais too. There must be recompense
Made to the sword and these shall render it.

“Headsman, attend! These Frenchmen lead
away
Quick to the block! I spurn them from my
sight!”

[*Queen Philippa's Intercession.*]

Then Edward's Queen, who near him stood,
In grace of coming motherhood
Robed as a priestess—set apart,
Enshrined in England's deepest heart,
Her woman nature wrung and thrilled
With sorrow that her lord self-willed,
Unyielding, pitiless remained,
And obstinate his wrath retained;
Knelt down before him on the sands,
With throbbing soul and clasping hands,
Like Him who wept on Olivet.
The roses of her cheeks were wet
With holier drops than ever yet
From the sweet heavens benignly fell,
Or brimmed a cup at Jacob's well.

“Ah, Sire,” she cried, “since o'er the sea
I came for lasting love of thee,
Came to the sights and sounds of war,
To scenes which gentle souls abhor,

Thou knowest well I have not asked
A boon of thee—I have not tasked
Thee with my poor desires. But now
I can withhold no more; and thou
Must hear me while I intercede
For these, who in the stress of need
Came freely here, to pay the price
Thou saidst for Calais might suffice!
Whom now, divinest passions move
To die in sacrifice of love,
That others may by them go free.

O Edward, as thou lovest me,
And by the priceless hope I bear
For England, pause, relent and spare!
Yield up thy purpose fixed and stern!
Speak the glad word for their return
To hearts all desolate and broke!

Nay, by the love of Him who took
The crown of thorns, the bitter cup,
The felon's cross, my King, give up

Thy stubborn will, thy lasting hate!
Lest, when thou comest to the gate
That opens to the undefiled,
The penitent and reconciled,
Stained deeply with this needless sin,
No voice shall bid thee, ‘Enter in!’
Lest Christ, our Lady’s glorious Son
Shall fail to greet thee there, ‘Well done!’”

Her tears were falling on the sand;
Her lips with kisses touched his hand;
And all his kingly pride seemed less
Than her o’ercoming loveliness.

For not the proudest human state,
Unbending will nor royal hate,
But God’s own gentleness makes great!

While low she spoke, the very air
Was tremulous with waves of prayer,
And angels with suspended wing
Breathed softening influence o’er the king;
Dear Mercy’s hand, unfelt before,

At Edward's heart unbarred the door
And let the shining ones go in,
That day's blest victory to win.

He yielded in the holy glow
Of sweet compassion—late let go
The hard vindictiveness of wrath;
And bending to her in the path,
He gave the ropes into her hands
And said,

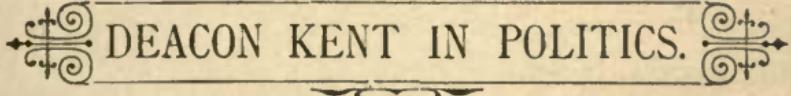
“These men wait thy commands!
I give them thee and Calais spare;
No sword of mine shall harm a hair
That shelter finds beneath the shield
Of thy dear, wifely love. I yield
Thee all thy will—who could resist?”

He raised her up, her lips he kissed,
While men, unused to Mercy's charms,
Like lovers fell in others' arms
And cheered and laughed; and cheered again
As she called up the kneeling men,

Clad them and fed with queenly grace,
And then, with shining, saintly face,
Bade them go home and bear from her,
Of Edward's bounty almoner,
Good store of corn and soulful wine!
Go home to tell that love divine,
Though dwelling in a human breast—
By human language half expressed—
Had made the sternest will relax;
Cheated the headsman's hungry ax;
To Calais saved this sacrifice,
Noble, self-paid and passing price;
Go home and bid the bells be rung,
And eloquent Te Deums sung,
And clouds of fear and gloom give place
Before the light of Mercy's face;
And children sing again in glee;
And Calais, saved and fed and free,
Unite in sounding jubilee,

To mark the glad, illustrious day
When wrath to gentleness gave way;
When England's king, so slow to move,
Bowed plastic to a woman's love!





DEACON KENT IN POLITICS.

YOU ought to have known worthy Jonathan Kent;

A Deacon was he, and nobly content
He lived on his farm with his horses and
cows

And gathered his wealth in the track of his
plows.

He was simple, sincere and paraded no airs;
And if he sometimes was too long in his
prayers,

He was never too short in measures and
weight—

Whoever was crooked the Deacon was straight.
In citizen's duties he never was lax,
Nor told a wrong story to lighten his tax;

And though it might be he divided a cent,
Poor souls there were plenty to tell you where
 went

The unseen benefactions of Jonathan Kent.
He accepted the Gospel and law of the Lord—
Had an old-fashioned way of keeping his
 word—

Was homely, hard-handed and awkward and
 prim—

Made discord unearthly when singing a hymn—
But the angels all knew the worship he meant,
And valued the singing of Jonathan Kent
For love and devotion that ever were in it,
Above feats of song at ten dollars a minute !

Some men have their doubts, but he never had
 'em,

Of the guilt of mankind for sinning in Adam;
But while he contended most bravely to win
The victory over original sin,

The doubters tried hard, it would seem, to
atone

For exemption in Adam by sins of their own.

He honored his wife with a truth above flaw,
And never made sport of his mother-in-law.

Right loyal to party he worked with a will
For straight nominees the positions to fill,
But wasn't sore headed and ready to whine
And cry, "By good right the Post-office is
mine,

The Senatorship, the Representative's place,"
When somebody else was ahead in the race.
He abhorred the dark tricks of aces and kings,
The trippings fantastic of waltzes and flings,
The swindles of jobbers and lobbies and rings.
No eye on the farm, with suspicion and shock.
Uneasy looked sharp while he "watered his
stock";

And if ever he gave you his promise to pay,
'Twas a mortgage on all of Jonathan K.

Now it chanced that the men who handle
the wires

Of political work, and blow up the fires
Of eager, excited, exultant campaigns,
Disturbed by the fear of a loss of their gains,
Were looking about in the corners and lanes
To find them a man whom the people would trust;
Having whom they might sing, "Then conquer
we must,

Our leader is honest, our cause it is just!"

With whom they might echo the cry of
"Reform!"

And rally the voters, a gathering swarm,
To lift into office a hero unknown,
Who indeed should come in by no means alone,
But would bring in his train the faithful and
few

Who found him obscure, brought him forth into
view,

And stirred up the people to carry him through.

So the Deacon beheld, with a strange, modest pride,
His own humble name to the breeze floated wide
On banners that waved from the loftiest towers;
Saw it printed in colors and woven in flowers,
And borne by processions that eagerly lent
Their voices to glorify Jonathan Kent.
And the Deacon believed, the good, simple soul,
That the people, grown sick of the rascals who stole
And made themselves fat in all places of trust,
Had arisen in might to hurl to the dust
The false and the thieving, a pestilent swarm,
And gladden the age with the light of reform.
And he thankfully thought of the hand of the Lord,
Bringing honor to them who honored his word;

And wrought out a speech which was jerky and rough,

Brim-full of hard logic, and figures enough,
In which he endeavored with care to rehearse
How things had been going from evil to worse,
While men plain and honest had long stood
apart

For those who were skilled in political art.

But now a new day was beginning to dawn,
And public resources, so long overdrawn
By leeches desirous of nothing but self,
And caring for naught but the gorging of self,
Henceforth would be handled by hands that
were clean,

And fingers no greenbacks could slip in be-
tween.

And the good man, of pride and vain glory
afraid,

Tried hard to walk softly and keep down his
head,

While with cheer, and with speech and music
was blent

The name of the citizen, Jonathan Kent.

It seemed to the Deacon an era of grace—

The Millennium he thought was coming apace;
For as oft as he plead the cause of Reform,
He was sure to awaken a thundering storm
Of applause from the chaps who were down at
the heel,

Who eagerly watched for some turn of the wheel
To give them the places they wanted to reach;

And the Deacon supposed his straightforward
speech

Had made them all hungry for thorough reform,
Instead of the *offices*, cosy and warm !

His wife, the dear body, as shy as a bird
That flitted away when the foliage stirred,
Who believed in the Deacon next to the Lord,
And counted his praises her highest reward,

Began to consider her feminine gear,
And add a few pieces, surprisingly dear;
To turn and make over the best of her gowns,
And consult with fine ladies out of the towns
On ruffles and silks, and flounces, cut bias—
Distracting the Deacon, humble and pious,
With a jargon of phrases new to his ears—
With rattle of stitching and snipping of shears,
With tucking and pleating and flourish of laces,
With Pompadour waists and rich polonaises,
With princess robes, trailing their trains far
behind,
And dear loves of hats, flying plumes in the
wind;
With shirring and piping and fluting enough
To stagger the man when he paid for the stuff;
For, cost what it might, the good woman meant
To look fit for the wife of *Governor Kent!*
To the fond, trusting soul it never occurred
To doubt that the Deacon, in honor preferred,

Would glide into place on the gathering flood
Of favor from all of the patriot good,
Delighting to vote, with assurance and pride,
For a modest, true man, and a Deacon beside.
She was sure that her husband by Heaven was
sent

To pilot affairs to auspicious event,
And she smiled a sweet smile at the merciful
plan

That made her the wife of this wonderful man,
Coming up from the plow to govern the State,
And rank evermore with the noble and great.

But wary and shrewd were the good Deacon's
foes,
And fierce was the war that around him arose.
He might not come up like a gourd in the
night—

He might not appear as a meteor light
To flash in the thick of political fight—
To dazzle the people, a hero unknown,

And bear off the coveted honors full-blown,
With never a voice to cry out in dissent—
To show him nobody but “Old Deacon Kent,”
Of whom, with significant shake of the head,
There were sundry grave things that *had to be said.*

And soon the “Gazette,” the “Herald,” the
“News,”

The papers that stood for the opposite views,
Crying out for “*Reform,*” with tears in the ink,
And grief in large letters, too dreadful to think,
Began to invent biographical facts—

To present the wrong side of praiseworthy acts
Which the Deacon regarded the pride of his life;
To gather chance doings and words of his wife,
And hold all aloft for the people to view
In a light that was most infernally blue!

They grubbed round the roots of his family tree,
And hunted old records and rumors to see

Just who the Kents were, or just what they
had done,

With sharpest of eyes for this prominent one,
Who, e'er he knew it, was put on his trial
In newspaper courts.

With sturdy denial

Or dignified silence he went on his way,
Trusting much to his record, clear as the day,
And wondering greatly that calumny's tongue,
So busy and evil and easily swung,
Should spatter him over with slime of the pit,
That blotched him with blackness wherever it
hit.

The knights of the pencil, the *Nasts* of the
day,

Their delicate fancy soon brought into play;
He was pictured in gross, side-splitting cartoons,
With pockets wide yawning in his pantaloons,
And fingers all deftly approaching the locks
That guarded the people's strong treasury box.

He was drawn on a nest, inside of a ring,
Corruptions uncounted under his wing,
All ready to fly, like the harpies of old,
And greedily batten on government gold,
If votes that elected the Deacon were polled!
He appeared as a thief with piety's coat,
With the look of a sheep and the heart of a
goat.

An angel was drawn with the Deacon's own face,
With tail, and a hoof not suggestive of grace,
To show that his home was the bottomless place!
He was pictured in church as passing the plate
For the far away heathen little and great,
And giving no heed to the cry of the poor
Who turned away hungry and cold from his
door.

And so, while the people guffawed at each joke,
The wrath of the Deacon within him awoke.
And he swore a great oath, as near as he dare
(For Deacons are men without license to swear),

That, sure as the law was supreme in the land,
He'd make these tormenters of his understand
That he was no man to endure the harpoon
Of slander, discharged by a pencil cartoon;
That he was a man with a place and a name
Too sacred for caricature to defame.

And he started a suit with damages laid
At a plump hundred thousand, down to be paid,
As the price of the artists' scurrillous fun—
Slight return for the wrong their sketchings had
done;

But the Deacon was beaten — his lampooners
won,

And all through the State the rollicking roar
Which the pencils evoked was worse than be-
fore.

And then stories were told, misleading, untrue,
But, often told over and over, they grew
Like the night-growing mushroom, watered with
dew;

How the Deacon contrived with hypocrite's art,
To cover the sepulcher foul of his heart.

There wasn't a sin that the Decalogue knows
That he didn't indulge, contended his foes;
What he did after dark or did on the sly,
With his pious, long face and innocent eye,
Was sufficient to make humanity weep,
When retailed by the statesmen, searching and
deep,

Who managed the war on the opposite side,
And over his errors made speeches and cried !

And they told with delight that the sire of
the Kents

Was a bloated aristocrat, riding the fence,
In days when the colonists fought with the
King.

They couldn't have proved the ridiculous thing
Which they echoed so loud ; no matter for
that;

It helped prove the Deacon an aristocrat,

Who, despite his hard hands and hickory clothes,

Was not to be trusted the length of his nose !

Then somebody asked, with a sneer and a taunt,

“ How was it about his great-grandmother’s aunt ?

Don’t reports go to show her off from the hooks ?

Hadn’t Satan her name writ down in his books ?

Didn’t somebody say and somebody hear

That she was a creature uncanny and queer ? ”

And hence it was argued by inference clear,
That the Deacon must have a taint in his blood—

Inclination to evil rather than good.

And one of the tricks of the eloquent men
Who declaimed on the stump all thro’ the campaign,

Was to rattle the bones of that grandmother's
aunt,

And cry to the voters, "Now why do you want
To vote for *that* man? You can see what his
bent is!"

It's clear as the sun he's *non compos mentis!*"
All this was proclaimed with lugubrious air,
By careful reformers, who counted as fair
~~All~~ lies that were told in the cause of *Re-*
form!

And welcomed, from regions excessively warm,
Any artful design or treacherous trick,
To rescue the State from the hands of old Nick
And bluest of ruin, by bringing *them* in
To places of honor *reform* to begin!

And then, affidavits were sworn by the score,
By men of high standing, ne'er heard of before,
All bringing to notice the infamous art
Which the Deacon employed as parcel and part

Of guilty transactions so many and black,
That e'en hosts of his friends were taken aback,
And cried,

“Is it possible ? O, can it be
That Kent is a swindle gigantic, and we
Have trusted him blindly and honored him more
Than scarcely a Deacon was honored before ?
Can it be that his visage, homely and long,
Is only a blind for a heart that is wrong ?”

And many believed of the Deacon, that he,
As the child-like Ah Sin, the heathen Chinee,
In the deepest of games could well take a
hand,
And few were the tricks he did not under-
stand !

Soon into the church base suspicions were
sent
By questions and hints of mysterious intent,
Until, on a day, Deacon Issacher Cook
Rose up in his place with a sorrowful look,

And said, with a voice that trembled and shook,
“I feel it, my brethren, a delicate task,
And yet I’m impressed ’tis my duty to ask,
As one of our number”—(all knew whom he
meant,

And turned with quick glances to poor Dea-
con Kent)

“Is charged by the papers with serious things,
Unworthy a child of the greatest of Kings,
A committee be named to sit on the same,
And clear from the church all the scandal and
blame !”

The tremolo stop so affected his voice,
The pressure of duty so left him no choice
But to speak the whole matter out of his soul,
Impelled by a feeling he couldn’t control;
His air was so solemn, so troubled his look,
'Twas scarcely remembered that Issacher Cook,
In matters of politics always had leant
To the opposite side from Jonathan Kent;

And sometimes had uttered, just under his breath,

The fear there were some not quite sound in the faith;

And that Brother Kent might be somewhat askew

When tested by principles ancient and true.

The committee fell through; the Deacon had still

That simple way, better than orator's skill,
Which helped him the rising suspicion to brook,
And mollify all but his good Brother Cook,
Who closed with a prayer which was careful to state

The pith of the charges made up to that date;
And thus to bring round, by the way of the Throne,

The impression that Kent was perfectly known
To the all-seeing Lord and to Issacher too,
And they'd both keep an eye on what he might do !

With woman's devotion the Deacon's true
wife

Held faithfully fast to the life of her life.

She wondered that fire didn't fall from on high
On men who could shamelessly, recklessly lie
And slander her husband, the pattern of truth,
A man without stain from the days of his
youth.

'Twould not have been safe for those reprobate
men

If her hand had held a few thunderbolts then;
She'd have opened for them a valley of Hin-
nom

For behaving as if the devil were in 'em !

She'd have given a pang to the father of lies,
If he have any heart of respectable size,
By cutting down some, the delight of his eyes,
Who proved themselves born of detestable stock,
And chips of the old, unregenerate block !

Had she owned a private collection of bears,
Straight letting them loose, like “The woman who
dares,”

She’d have gathered a harvest of terrible *tears*.
But she had not the bolts nor yet had she
bears

To comfort her under her troubles and cares;
But she found it great help to unbridle her
tongue—

For she was a *woman* whose spirit was stung—
And say that such slanderers ought to be hung!
That a black, burning shame it was, to be sure,
And more than a martyr of old could endure,
That men without heart, for political gain,
Disregarding the *truth* as well as the pain
Of the slandered and wronged, should preach up
“*Reform*,”

With voices so eager and ardor so warm,
While full of all malice and reeking with sin,
And exhaling the fumes of whisky and gin!

It was not the work of reformers, she knew,
To black-ball the Deacon and smite his soul
through

With the venom of lies, a thousand and one;
To prevent the good work it was plain might
be done,

If such a good man were set over the State
To manage affairs and keep everything straight.

To ideas such as these she ever inclined;
For hers was the woman's "*illogical mind*,"
Which, contrive as it might, could never be
sure

How the throwing of dirt was the way to make
pure

The sadly soiled fellows who threw it the most,
Or save a great cause which without it were
lost!

As she thought of her spouse so troubled and
crossed,

A mild lightning shot from her gentle eye—
Her needle, in fingers excited and spry,

Seemed making a bayonet charge on the crew
Of dissolute liars and piercing them through;
Or her spoon, dipping fiercely into her tea,
Showed the way she'd have plunged them un-
der the sea,

Where Egypt's bad king and his chariots be!

With shafts of vile rancor by one side trans-
fixed,

By the other bepraised, the Deacon was mixed
In his thoughts of himself, and troubled and
sore

Over personal views unfamiliar before.

It troubled and pained him when partisans
claimed

Sagacity, wisdom and virtues unnamed
For him which he knew he never had shown,
And wondered what signs their presence made
known.

Opponents their secrets of evil laid bare,
And the Deacon perused with agonized stare

The stories of sins which he shuddered to see,
Of which, very clearly, he guilty must be.

As the poor man beheld that picture and
this,

An angel of light, or fiend from th' abyss;
Like himself in the face, in all else a lie,
He sat meekly down, 'twixt a tear and a sigh,
And said,

“What a mass of confusion am I!
Am I *this?* Am I *that?* O what can I be?
Will not somebody tell the truth about me?
I sure am not demon nor glorified saint!
Why may I not pass for plain Jonathan Kent,
And the people unite for me just as I am,
All working with me the swift torrent to dam
Of reckless, disgraceful and wasteful abuse?
Why may there not be a perpetual truce
To the tricks and deceits of political strife?
Why can't I be judged by the *facts* of my
life?”

Election day came and the sovereigns and lords

Streamed from city saloons and populous wards,
From the hamlets and farms so quiet and still,
To express at the polls the masculine will
Of the male population, eager to show
Their judgment of men and of policies too.

The Deacon's opponent, a skilled party hack,
Who was known far and wide and was used
to the track,

Had worked up the case with a masterly art,
As was seen on all sides from the earliest
start.

To plain farmer men he a statesman appeared,
Long tried by the public, with vision so cleared
He could quickly discern the right string to
draw.

And the farmers came up with a "Hip and
Hurrah,

For the friend of the people, Simon M. Blobb!"
—A villain veneered, and a swindle and snob,
Who, down in the deeps of his shell of a soul,
Despised every farmer that came to the poll.

"Who is Kent?" cried these voters. "He
doesn't know

The way this machine of the State ought to go!
He's a farmer like us and don't know the
wires;

Couldn't handle finance and *Molly Maguires*;
He's a good enough man to pass round a
plate,

But Blobb is the man to govern the State!"

Even temperance men, the radical sort,
Who meant at all hazards to hold the good
fort,

Deserted the Deacon in many a score;
For Blobb, at a notary's, solemnly swore
That though he had tipped he'd do it no
more!

That special reform was quite to his mind
To innocence, virtue and goodness inclined.

And the honest, good souls declared him the
man

To execute laws on the temperance plan,
He had such a zeal in a work that was new,
And such marvelous skill to carry it through.

The men too who burrowed in dens of
saloons,

And their customers all, unbroken platoons,
With nudges and jokes and significant winks,
And bets that committed to numberless drinks,
Went solid for Blobb and *Reform* in the State,
And ratified often in poor whisky, straight.

Now Blobb was an artist in managing
things;

He'd been behind scenes in different rings;
And he planned that squads of the seediest chaps,
After voting for *him*, with "*Kent*" on their
caps,

In the heavier towns should stay near the polls,
And shout for the Deacon as if for their souls!
And they were on hand with conspicuous rags,
With badges for "*Kent*" and "*Kent*" on their
flags,

With noses high colored and eyes all aflame,
Exalting the Deacon, in Blobb's little game!

As the dignified citizen soberly went
To promote law and order by voting for Kent,
The worst looking crew that ever he saw,
These fellows, would meet him with maudlin
“*Hurrah*”!

And din in his ears that "*Old Kent*" was the man!
And *reform* was the sweet, beneficent plan
That called for the help of each citizen's vote.
They discordantly sang, with "*Kent*" in each note;
"*Kent*" gurgled and hiccupped from every
rough throat,

Till the citizen, dazed and frantic and sick,
Disgusted and mad and not knowing the trick,

Broke away with a bound from the ill-omened
mob,

Crowded up to the box and voted for BLOBB!
'Twas more than the Deacon could quite
understand,

This changing of place which his enemy
planned;

As the knight of *Reform* he began the cam-
paign,

And argued it through on the high moral
plane,

With never a word he had need to recall—
With manhood and conscience unsullied through
all.

He hoped it might be his high mission to
serve

The State that he loved and her honor preserve,
But never a thought of mean, selfish intent,
Found a home in the soul of Jonathan Kent.

But now every man who voted for Blobb,
And all of the motley and dissolute mob,
Were shouting "*Reform*" at the top of their
voice,

And claiming for Blobb that *he* was the choice
Of the people who cared for the general weal;
That *he* was the patriot truer than steel,
Whose hand should be laid on the helm of the
ship,

To pilot her safely with statesman-like grip.

The friends of the Deacon all worked with
a will

And hoped against hope through the contest,
until

The sun had gone down on the scene of the
fight;

They watched with sore hearts the returns of
the night.

The Deacon was beaten—the *vox populi*
Forbade him the honor that dazzled his eye.

He turned back to his farm unable to see
Why the people so duped and blinded could be
As to honor a man who was false to the core;
But his spirit was sweet as ever before,
And as faithful to seek the good of the State—
As willing to labor, as patient to wait;
He showed, by his bearing of manly content,
That no man was nobler than Jonathan Kent!

But his wife, the good woman, never forgot
The slander so shameless that shadowed her lot.
She looked at her gowns and beautiful laces,
Her Pompadour waists and rich polouaises,
And she heaved a deep sigh of tender com-
plaint

That she wasn't the wife of *Governor Kent!*





THE PILGRIM FATHERS AND CHILDREN.



READ AT THE NEW ENGLAND FESTIVAL, IN DES MOINES,
DEC. 22, 1871.

A LITTLE, hard-strained ship beat by the
sea

For weary months—a sea-worn company
Of anxious men and wives, drew near a shore
Swept by the wind and bare. They saw no
more

A trace of cultured life. No moving town
They saw—no fields with autumn stubble brown—
No home of living man—no feeding kine—
Of all that life the heart holds dear, no sign.

Not as nomadic wanderers they came,
To whom each desert wildness is the same;

But from fair homes and dear old father-land—
From sacred graves by which they might not
stand

Again—from share in England's growing fame—
The brightening glory of historic name;
From all that common men most love and bless,
They came to plant a vacant wilderness;
On that near shore, so desolate and wild,
For the great future in God's name to build.

They stood with bowing heads in fervent
prayer

To cast themselves upon Almighty care,
And then, with faith nor fate nor storm could
shock,

Stepped from the surging sea on Plymouth
Rock;

From humble men they were content to be,
Stepped into fame—yes, Immortality!

They brought with them to that forbidding
shore

A benediction such as land before
Had ne'er received from richest argosy,
Far sailing on the much-bestowing sea.
They brought no wealth of jewels or of gold—
No war-like banner to the air unrolled
Bespoke the presence there of kingly power—
No furnishing for knightly hall and tower—
No titled lords, proud of exalted birth,
Striding the shore as though they spurned the
earth.

Not these the benediction royal, grand,
Passing that day from ship and sea to land;
But men high-souled and sweet-souled women
too,
Yoked well together and sublimely true
To all of freedom, right and God they knew.
They dared the power of tyrant king defy,
The rage of meddling priest. They dared deny
The right of priest or church or king to stand
In place of God, the conscience to command.

And when the home land of their love was
filled

With kindling fires for those who would not
yield,

They grandly vowed to God they would not
buy

Comfort and home and safety with a lie.

That they might keep their truth unstained they
fled

Far over unknown seas—with solemn dread
Of grieving God upon their souls, made haste
To build their sanctuary in the waste,
And boldly claim their right, in simple ways,
To worship Him who is above all praise.

For this they came—and such a coming
made

The new land rich, to which their feet had
strayed;

With hopeful promise rich—with prophecy
And pledge of goodly empire yet to be.

They, even they, those self-surrendering men
And women brave, who looked not back again
To what was left—whom one poor, trembling
bark,

Unfit for sea—a shaken, wave-worn ark,
Could float with all their goods, yes, even they
Brought benediction to the wilds that lay
Vacant and vast before their pilgrim way.

They brought their English manhood—courage
high,

Virtue and much-enduring loyalty
To what they felt to be the will Supreme.
They brought no hot ambition—no vain dream
Of fame and greatness for themselves and
theirs.

Staunch Englishmen, whose earnest hopes and
prayers

Were that to England's king they might be
true

And give the Heavenly King His rightful due,

They meant to make old England live again
In all her freest thought and noblest men.
In self-reliant, God-reliant strength,
The sea safe crossed, they saw their rest at
length;

Cast out and wandering, saw God-given room
For sacred altars, industries and home.

Such characters and aims and faith could
bless

The virgin land they came out to possess.

And England blindly wrought them for their
sphere;

By her constraints and discipline severe
She trained the strong, unyielding man
To bear the name historic—*Puritan!*
She, little dreaming the illustrious end,
The spirit shaped she could not break nor bend.

As Spartan mother for her babe in arms
Craved might and skill for war's wild, fierce
alarms;

Asked for him patience, hardness to endure,
The foot made fleet and the sword-hand made
sure,

And holding back her mother tenderness,
Her fond endearing and her soft caress,
Brought up the boy with sternest discipline,
That he the mastery of himself might win
And thus might master more—so England's
hand

Was heavy on the Puritan. She banned
His simple worship—tried him in the fire,
Which, as with gold, but made his value
higher.

She beat him, bound him, burned him, all in
vain;

From prison, furnace, forth he came again!
Came with uncringing front and lofty aim,
For God had kept him in consuming flame.

Scant mother-love had he; but so he grew
Into the man with moral nerve and thew

To face, unblanched, the terror of the time—
To dare the Mayflower pilgrimage sublime—
To build in the new land he stoutly trod,
Altars to Learning, Liberty and God!

So came the fathers in those early years;
So was New England planted. Toils and tears
The planting tended, watered. Painful care,
Privation pitiful and pleading prayer—
These were the price those willing heroes paid
For homes and rights which power might not
invade.

So was the garden in the desert made;
So bloomed the rose where wildness teemed
before;
So crept the vine above the Pilgrim's door.

In sterile soil and round the rugged rock,
The seed of that well tried and sifted stock
Grew well—the hill-tops crowned—the valleys
filled
With homes, where, wrestling hard with nature
wild,

With frequent blighting from the frowning sky,
With scant return from toilsome husbandry,
New England's children that stern culture
knew

By which there grows a manhood grand and
true—

A manhood quick its rights divine to know
And brave to hold, 'gainst each aggressive foe—
And gentle womanhood, refined and pure,
Yet strong to love, to labor and endure,
Which oft, in times God send us not again,
Bore up the spirit of New England men;
Exalted womanhood, self-poised, contained,
Modest, courageous, trusting, still, deep-veined
And rich—of life's best wealth exhaustless mine;
Like the King's daughter, glorious within!

New England's children now in every zone,
Proud and erect their noble lineage own;
Knowing the Pilgrim was far more than peer
Of high-born knight or lordly cavalier;

And knowing too that those grave men who
trod

The Mayflower deck and the cold Plymouth sod,
Shall live in fame, heroes and knights of God!

As fly, wind-borne, the elm trees winged
seeds,

On fat fields falling and on soil that feeds
The mountain sheep with pinched and doubtful
fare;

As, scattered strangely through the yielding air,
They strike root far from the ancestral tree,
Hold fast the ground and wave perennially;
So we, out-borne by winds of Providence,
Born of New England but far traveled thence,
Here taking root, far from the parent stock,
From scenes historic and from Plymouth Rock,
Meet to do honor to New England's name—
To add our tribute to the Pilgrims' fame.

From these fair lands, the garden of the
West,

To which our pilgrim feet have come, so
blessed .

With beauty and with fatness, do we send
To the old home our greeting glad. We bend
Our thought Eastward away. We hail the shore
That feels the Atlantic dash and pour
The fulness of its waves—the old home land
Whose valleys verdant and whose mountains
grand

We love as children love their birth-place.

Hard

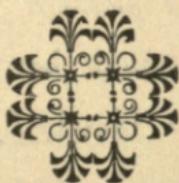
Though men may call thee, and thy visage
marred,

We see thy beauty, O thou mother, ours!
We own the promptings of thy unspent powers!
We bless thee; pay thee tribute grateful, deep,
Land where the Pilgrims and the Fathers
sleep!

Wherever, East or West, our lot may be,
If worthy of thy history and thee,

If worthy children of thy ancient sires,
We shall keep bright, feed well the altar fires
Of Liberty and Right!

So help us Thou
Before whose unveiled face the Pilgrims bow!



ECHOES OF WAR.

FOR SOLDIERS' REUNION, DES MOINES,
SEPTEMBER, 1878.

BRIGHT over dark-browed Sumter
The flag of freedom flies,
The pride of loyal freemen,
A glory in their eyes;
Far over Charleston harbor
The blessed shadow lies,
Of that victorious banner,
Baptized in bloody fight,
Where Freedom's sons, true-hearted,
From mailed, oppressive might,
Wrung for themselves and children
A nation's name and right.

Against the walls of granite,
With murmuring musical,

The waves, as if in homage,
 Unceasing rise and fall
About that standard streaming
 In beauty o'er the wall.

How safe, serene and peaceful,
 O, Banner of the Free,
How proudly dwells the Nation
 O'er-shadowed e'er by Thee!

But see! along the margin
 Of Charleston's spreading bay,
Where, cityward and seaward,
 The waters sweep away,
With looks of angry menace
 Men hasten to and fro,
And at the flag and Sumter
 Hiss curses as they go!

See, too, the threatening earthworks;
 And there, above them, flies,

O'er Moultrie too, a banner
All strange to patriot eyes!
A banner ill-assorted,
With curious, blundering bars,
And infinite confusion
At work among the stars.

O Shame! 'tis Treason's emblem
The grand old flag defies,
And flaunts before high Heaven
Foul Treason's infamies!

And now the black-lipped cannon
Hurl crashing shot and shell
Against the wall of Sumter—
All aimed, alas, too well!
While to each echo answers
The demon "rebel yell!"

And see! the hurtling missiles
Too straight, too fast have flown;
The walls before them crumble,

The flag, the *flag* is down !
While treason gloats and glories,
That easy victory won,
And shouts the vaunting challenge,
“ Let Northern hordes come on !
Be all their powers united
To bind the gallant South ;
They’ll welcome find from rifle
And smoking cannon’s mouth.”

Ah, grievous day and woful,
That Treason showed its head,
For haughty Southern matron
And high-souled Southern maid ;
For all the land together,
From lakes to everglade,
Soon sitting ’neath the horror
Of war’s black, wasting shade !

O day of grand decisions,
To loyal hearts and true ;

O day when traitors builded
Far better than they knew,
And clasped the bands more closely,
They struggled to undo !

O what surprise and wonder,
When Treason showed its head,
As northward swept the echoes
Of mad'ning cannonade!
They rolled along the seaboard
And roused the patient East,
And like a mighty earthquake,
Disturbed the waiting West.
That was the hour of heroes,
Exalted, God-inspired ;
'Twas Freedom's later birthday—
The Northern heart was fired.

The rising shout of freemen,
Mid Maine's majestic trees,
From rugged old White Mountains

Rolled westward on the breeze,
And eager met and blended
With answering shouts that rose
From every Western valley,
Where each great river flows—
From all bread-bearing prairies—
From the Pacific slope;
A gathered shout of freemen
That bade the Nation hope.

O little guessed the Southerner
How dear that flag could be,
Nor dreamed he of the spirit,
Resistless as the sea,
Which moved the Northern bosom,
And roused the Northern might,
And changed the peaceful toiler
Into the arméd knight!
That called from farm and city
To meet him in the fight,
From every trade men follow,

From blood of every strain,
In one grand thought uniting,
An avalanche of men.

Fathers kissed wives and children,
Lovers said their "good-byes,"
And dashed away, impatient,
Tears from complaining eyes,
Then marched with dauntless courage
To costly victories.

O never such an army
Had sun e'er seen before!
O never such a purpose
Had armies moved of yore!
O never cause so noble
In battles of renown
Had made plain souls heroic,
To lay as offering down
Their lives on country's altar!
They sought no glittering crown;

They went not out for glory,
Nor wild with maddened hate;
They went to save the nation
In peril's deadly strait;
The striped and starry banner,
Torn down, to lift anew,
Nor let a star be stricken
From its fair field of blue.
O how they fell when battle
Belched forth its fiery storm,
And "sacred soil" so vaunted,
Wet with their life-blood warm,
Was sacred made forever
By chrism so applied!

O how in horrid prisons
They waited, pined and died,
While the slow balance trembled
And promised either side!

But how at last they conquered—
Smote stubborn Treason down—

Shook out the flag o'er Sumter
And every trait'rous town,
Step keeping, firm and steady,
With th' soul of Old John Brown!

O never such a triumph
Had earth e'er seen till then;
A Nation saved from ruin—
While from four million men
The shackles burst asunder,
And every slave was free,
God's dial finger pointing
The year of 'jubilee!

O never such an army!
When war's stern work was done,
All dropped the dented saber,
All stacked the battered gun;
And as the mists of morning
Dissolved before the sun,
In the wide heaven scattered,

Are visible to none,
So back into the people
That army faded then:
Soon went to peaceful labors,
Each soldier citizen!

But each man still remembers
How near the cause was lost;
Before him comes the vision
Of war's red holocaust!
And if, for home and country,
Dread danger should draw nigh,
Then sound the ringing bugle
And list the swelling cry
Of veterans quick uprising
To answer, "Here am I!"

But O, that silent army
Returning never more—
The vast, immortal legion
That sleep by ocean shore,

On river-bank and mountain,
Where gloriously they fell
Dead on the field of battle!

Let coming ages tell
Their deeds and death heroic—
Let earth their dust keep well;
Let flowers spring yearly o'er them
To crown them after fight,
And God regard their offering
To Nation, Freedom, Right.

Now hail ye, soldier comrades!
Ye men of fields and camps,
Who hunted down rebellion—
Ye much enduring tramps,
Who faced the foe and fought him
In bayous or in swamps.

Here fight your battles over,
Here join long sundered hands,
Close up the ranks—touch elbows,
And mark old-time commands.

If Irishman or German,
 You wore the army blue,
Followed the flag and Sherman,
 And saw the "scrimmage" thro',
If Scotchman, French, or English,
 Or whatsoe'er you be,
If you but fought the battle
 For Right and Liberty;
Withstood the shock with Howard,
 McPherson, Hooker, Meade,
With Sheridan or Hancock,
 All men of hero-breed;
All closing up together
 With valor naught could daunt,
To "fight it out all summer"
 With grim Ulysses Grant;

I care not what your Nation,
 What burr is on your tongue,
What songs about your cradles
 By mother-souls were sung;

I care not what your creed is ;
Here side by side we're *one* !

Before that flying banner—
By deeds of danger done—
By crowding common mem'ries—
By grand results ye won,
Ye are not strange nor alien,
But each a loyal son
Of this fair land and Freedom !

Hail, Comrades, Brothers, all !
The priceless benediction
Of ages on you fall ;
Nor by the long procession,
Of freemen coming on,
May ever be forgotten
The honors you have won ;
Nor e'er grow stale the story
Of your brave deeds and you,
As generations grateful,
Accord the glory due !

MY FRIENDS.

I SIT in silence in my room ;
Through open windows floating come
The mingling sounds of voices near,
But none is spoken for my ear.
I sit alone—no welcome face
Lights up the still and cloistered place ;
No sprightly word of treasured friends
Its charm to my seclusion lends.
Yet not alone nor lonely, I.
I crave no generous sympathy.
I call not those who wish me well
To save from *ennui*'s dreary spell ;
For friends are round me—noble men
And sweet-voiced women throng me then.
They speak and sing to soul and eye—
They hasten not, but lingering by,

They fill the air with undertone
Of music for my ear alone.

My friends they are—companions all,
Whose names I, loving, glad recall ;
Out of the shadows dim and gray,
From lands and ages far away,
The great departed round me rise—
The heirs of the eternities !

They dwelt where wild Aegean waves,
On Grecian shores, in island caves
Were dashed and hid with angry swell,
As Neptune's trident lashing fell ;
Or, swaying to his milder thought,
Swung soft the sailing Argonaut.
They dared the risk of Trojan wars—
They died as valiant sons of Mars
On battle-fields sublimely won—
Thermopylæ and Marathon.
They roused the quick Athenian mind,
So subtle, questioning, refined,

With new-born thoughts and promptings wise,
Drawn from divine philosophies.
They stirred the senate of old Rome;
They led her eagles proudly home.
They toiled as slaves—as princes shone—
They wore the laurels genius won.
They scanned the deep Chaldean skies
Brooding uncounted mysteries.
They looked on the majestic Nile—
They saw the Temple's stately pile
Rise on Moriah—they beheld
The glorious One, with face unveiled.
They firm, unfaltering, led the van
In toil and sacrifice for man.
Least understood they grandly died,
Were hunted, stoned and crucified.

They poets were, with souls of fire,
From whose unworn, long-echoing lyre
The music of the ages rings.
They walk apart as crownéd kings

By right divine, through all the flow
Of centuries that come and go.

They traced the slow historic page—
Disclosed the bustling, crimson stage
Where eager actors, frantic, blind,
Wrought mighty issues for mankind.

These sages, heroes, friends of mine,
Who in a light immortal shine,
I hail and welcome. Theirs the past,
And mine, through them, its treasures vast.
They give themselves to man, to me,
Example, counsel, company.

Thronging through all the later years
My retinue, well-known, appears.

Here are the Fathers—grave divines
Who delved untiring in the mines
Of sacred lore; with voice and pen
Proclaiming thoughts of God to men;
Declaring sure, eternal laws;

Unfolding love that sweetly draws
To good and peace the erring soul
Submissive to divine control.

Fathers and Brethren ! How the crowd
Gathers about me—’tis a cloud
Of witnesses touched by the sun—
Enlightened from the face of One
In whom no darkness e’er can dwell—
The mighty King invisible.

What care I though the shallow some
Pile “Odium Theologicum”
Upon their names? What, that they tried
“A hair t’wixt south and southeast side
With keenest logic to divide”?
I know them faithful, earnest, strong,
Stalwart for right, abhorring wrong!
I chide them not as though t’were sin,
That near horizons hemmed them in.
I praise them for the light they gave—
For testimony clear and brave

To all of truth that in them shone.
I thank them that, their labor done,
They walk with me the border land
Of hope and question, hand in hand.
They give me sympathy and cheer
In deathless aims, exalted, dear.
Into their work I enter now,
And they to mine consenting bow.
I sit me at their feet and ask
To wear their mantles in my task;
That I may ne'er, unworthy, slip
From their uplifting fellowship.

Now forth from clouds of drifting mist
I see approach the scientist—
The learned palcontologist.
I welcome him and meekly list
While he, with far-off air, but wise,
Displays before my wondering eyes
The spoil of the immensities.

He's gray with geologic grit;
He reads the lore on granite writ;
He brandishes the fossil bones
Of saurians and mastodons,
The claws of giant birds and legs
(So runs the lay), and monster eggs,
Which, addled in the ancient nest—
A grief to the maternal breast—
Now find a lot which had not fell
Had eager embryo chipped the shell.
He brings the prints of sweeping quills,
And, strange to say, collected bills—
Long running bills and outlawed too,
Collected with the interest due!

He comes with bioplasmic cell,
From which, matured and shaken well,
All life arose and Adam fell;
Or, fresh from far communings high
With magnates of the spangled sky,
Where Neptune rides the ether seas,

Uranus sails and Pleiades;
Where Jupiter in blameless course
Enjoys from Juno long divorce;
Where Venus smiles on lurid Mars,—
He comes with *spectra* of the stars.
From whatsoever bound of space
He turns toward me his raptured face,
I greet him, thank him and admire;
And if his quest shall take him higher
Than ever yet his feet have gone,
Or toward the nadir deeper down,
Though I may not keep pace with him,
Nor boldly vault from rim to rim
Of new horizons, still I send
Tribute to science by my friend.

By forms and faces fancy-bred
My quiet room is visited;
By gentle souls sublime and strong,
Who live in fame and love and song.

Fat Falstaff swells and Duncan bleeds;
Shylock recoils as Portia pleads;
Othello wins the luckless fair;
There murmurs through the midnight air
The love-sick Romeo's passion-prayer.

Blind Milton, on whose inner sight
Day dawned, a great, supernal light,
Calling the long, sonorous roll,
Peoples all space, from pole to pole,
With angel powers. Across the arch
Sublimely high they wheel and march.
'Tis mine to pass then in review—
My room they silent circle through.

Christian and Great Heart fight their way
Along the narrow path that lay
In Bunyan's vision to the skies.

In sainite white, I see arise
The wonderful and mystic hand
That girds King Arthur with the brand
Excalibur. All pure and pale,

Worthy to find the Holy Grail,
To touch it, worshipful and glad,
I greet the stainless Galahad.

The lists are set, the challenge sent—
'Tis a chivalric tournament.

Gallants, steel-clad, reel to and fro,
Struck by the lance of Ivanhoe,
While cloth-yard shafts of Robin Hood,
Fly fatal, in the leafy wood.

Poor Sancho Panza, wild with fright,
Ambles away in dismal flight
From scenes of just and valorous fight,
Delivered by the doughty knight.

There floats above a silver cloud;
With Dante's eyes to gaze allowed,
I see a figure olive-crowned,
Ethereal and wrapped around
With scarlet robe and mantle green,
Bright with a beauty never seen
In mortal form. Pure, veiled in white,

I see her float through deeps of light,
And all things false, unworthy, hide
From her whom love hath glorified.

'Tis Beatrice, polar star
To Dante, gazing from afar.

Along the bold, forbidding shore
By Plymouth Rock, blent with the roar
Of waves against their rugged bound,
I hear a voice of pleading sound.
John Alden speaks for absent Miles;
Priscilla turns to me and smiles
As though her quickened sense had heard,
Deep smothered, an unspoken word;
Then answering softly, sweetly, low,
Takes *him* and lets the Captain go!

And who are these? Yet more, and more,
They crowd on those who went before—
Gay comrades for an idle hour.
I sit entranced, bewildered, mute,
And listen as the phantom flute

Of Swiveller soothes the anxious stress
That racks the patient Marchioness.

By dim and flickering watcher's lamp,
The queen of nurses, Sairey Gamp,
All undisturbed serenely sleeps,
While, o'er her patient, pallor creeps.
She's "indispoged" as all can see—
By 'alf and 'alf she's worse than he.

There dashes by a turn-out grand;
'Tis Weller and his four-in-hand.

There Dolly Varden, vainly warned,
Makes most of beauty most adorned,
And with her rosiness and wit
Drives mad the soul of Tappertit.

There Dora, Em'ly, Tupman ride,
With Mantilini perched outside,
And Tapley, giving all his mind
And strength to Newman Noggs behind.

Here arm in arm, fraternal, gay,
Two ruddy youngsters touched with gray,

Come laughing on. I know them well,
The glorious Brothers Cheeryble,
Who, from that fountain fabled, sung,
Come e'er fresh-hearted, joyous, young.

But hark! Did not an infant cry?
Heard I maternal lullaby?
Let creak no chairs—let fall no pins!
Mrs. Micawber stills the twins!

I see a hundred startled eyes
Rolled up in horror and surprise
As Oliver appeals for *more!*
Glistening at yon suspicious door
An eye all sinister appears—
The evil eye of Wackford Squeers.
Who flies in terror from his post
As if he saw a sheeted ghost,
When Turveydrop, with bearing grand,
Airs his deportment near at hand.

With tone expressive, deep and grum,
Pickwick explodes his loud “Ha-Hum!”

Enduring agonies untold
Behind the curtain's falling fold;
While, like a timid, startled fawn,
A thing of silk and lace and lawn,
The very pink of ancient girls,
Adorned with yellow paper curls,
Stares wildly as that frightful sound
Shows trespass on forbidden ground.

Sam, spelling "Weller" with a "we,"
Faithful attends, amuses me;
But now the rogue eludes my eye;
He's gone to "get a *alibi*";
I blame him not nor wonder more,—
There's Mary just outside the door!

I feel the touch of little Nell,
A thing of gentle spirit spell,
Upon my heart. Now I espy
The "willin Barkis" driving by.
For me the "Chimes" unceasing ring—
For me the Cratchits carols sing—

While, fitting prayer for Christmas hymn,
“God bless us all,” pleads Tiny Tim.

All in a moment there's a change—
I see a lonely mountain range;
Along the Catskills morning breaks—
The grizzled Rip Van Winkle wakes;
Again he moves, my room the scene,
With shadowed glen and covert green.
He goes, with anxious, knotted brow,
To dreaded reckoning with his vrouw,
Anticipating welcome warm
From tongue and broom and practiced arm.

I cannot name them; far extends
The lengthning line—the cloud of friends,
Who speak to me from all the lands
And wave to me saluting hands.
The sages of all times, the gray
Philosophers, the wise, the gay,
These throng the air about my head;
By these my room is visited.

They spoke and wrote in varying tongue;
Strange peoples on their accents hung,
With whom I trace no touch of kin—
Whose speech to me were senseless din.
But these, my friends, in every tone
Make thought and wish and rapture known;
The language of the soul is one.

So though I sit in cloistered cell
Silent, alone, I love it well.
I ask no charms of living grace
To fill and decorate the place—
'Tis filled—adorned. As though I heard
The spaces round me softly stirred
By trailing robes and waving wings,
I know unseen, unspoken things.
I find elect companionships;
They teach my heart and touch my lips.
My steadfast friends abide with me,
Bright, soul-inspiring company!

QUOUSQUE TANDEM, O CATILINA?

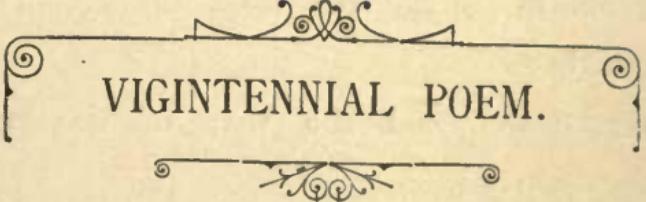
O YE feline brutes erotic,
Is there not some strong narcotic,
Some refined and rare hypnotic,
Some potent spell,
Soothing catnip, helleborus,
Anything to still the chorus
Of your piercing, wild, sonorous
Nocturnal yell,

Stirring wrath in souls pacific,
Thwarting agents soporific,
Blighting visions beatific
With horrid din;
Moving even spirits saintly
To utter, almost, low and faintly,

Words divided very scantily
From words of sin?

O ye brutes, my windows under,
Me and sleep ye widely sunder.
O for power, for once, to thunder
Annihilation!
O for boot-jacks half a hundred—
O for hand that never blundered,
Hurling, while the neighbors wondered,
Pacification!

O for catapults to smite ye!
O let catalepsy blight ye!
All catastrophes invite ye,
Cataclysmal!
Cataracts be on ye falling!
Curse, concatenate, appalling,
Stop your ghoulish caterwauling,
Paroxysmal!



VIGINTENNIAL POEM.

FOR THE CLASS OF 1857, AMHERST COLLEGE. JUNE 24, 1877.

THE clan Amherst gathers at feet of the
Mother

With greeting to Her and "Hail", to each
other.

From the "Hub" of the world, which in cul-
ture surpasses,

"Παρα` Σίνα πολυφλοισβοιο Σαλασσης."

From the Queen of the West, the far-famed
Chicago—

A city which once we wonderingly saw go
To judgment, in wild conflagration and horror,
Like that victim of old, ungodly Gomorrah ;
But which rose from the dust right grandly,
as 't were a

Junior Antæus, touching bosom of Terra ;
From homes by the sea, from the green of the
prairie ;
From the fret and the wear of the burdens
they carry ;
Here the clan Amherst comes and utters its
slogan,
Its trenchers clears well and clatters its bro-
gan ;
Sings the songs of old time, the fountains un-
sealing
Of loyal, whole-hearted, Old Amherst good feeling.

There seem to stand by us the shades of the
fathers,
The Bradfords and Winthrops, the Cottons and
Mathers,
The men of the Mayflower and Plymouth plan-
tation,
Who discovered the Rock, renowned through
the nation—

Plymouth Rock—of the same geologic formation

As that in the desert once smitten by Moses ;
For I dare to maintain, whoever opposes,
That the stream leaping swift from the ancient
rock riven,

To the dying with thirst a refreshing, God-
given,

Was only a shadow prophetic, foretelling
The streams of rich life which, perennial welling
From Plymouth Rock, bear inspiration and
blessing

Wide out o'er the land. I maintain it con-
fessing

The Pilgrims were men not recklessly jolly,
Who'd have stopped their ears close against all
the folly

Of these feeble rhymes—would have voted them
evil,

And rated their author a child of the devil.

Men have always their faults—the Puritans
had 'em;

Sinned *some* for themselves, *plus* their sinning
in Adam.

I grant them severe upon Baptists and Qua-
kers—

Too quick to believe that their will was their
Maker's.

I grant them unskilled in the chivalrous graces,
With needless solemnity clouding their faces.

I grant it appeared that there could be no
reaching

The end of their prayers nor yet of their
preaching.

They were slow in the use of the knees' preg-
nant hinges,

With slender equipment of temper that cringes ;
I accord them unknown on heraldry's pages ;
I sing not their praises as wonderful sages ;
But the soul of their life, like a planet in heaven,

Shining lustrous, undimmed, still works like a
leaven.

No gentle blood vaunted, no nobles "my Lorded",
On fame's scroll written high, with splendors
rewarded,

Ever reached to their measure of daring and
doing,

Or wrought such a glory all time is renewing!

They found Plymouth rock—they divined
what was in it;

They dared do their work, or at least to begin it,
With God for their witness, the Rock for their
altar,

And a purpose too grand to stumble or falter.

So when we search after the germ proto-
plastic—

The ultimate cause of our culture scholastic—
We go to the Rock and the Pilgrims around
it,

And shout our “Eureka! We’ve found it, we’ve
found it!”

They built up their walls in the faith that
had brought ‘em;

They prayed every stone in clear down to the
bottom;

For Christ and the church and the glory of
Heaven

All labor was rendered and sacrifice given.

We are heirs to their faith, their hopes and
endeavors;

To their place in the line, their hold on the
levers

By which to bring down the tall bastions of
evil,

And raze them, dishonored, to earth’s dusty
level.

Our Amherst’s a child of the Puritan spirit,
And proud of the right in the Rock to inherit;

Of the share that she holds in work of the
fathers—

The Huntingtons, Robinsons, Sewalls and Math-
ers.

Her honors come thickly—she wears them se-
renely;

A weakling no longer, her port is all queenly!
Her sons call her blessed—weave wreaths for her
forehead—

Speak her praise in all zones, from frigid to
torrid.

No longer her field is one narrowed and shut
in—

Not a door stands ajar but she's presently got
in:

The land, east and west, becomes her possession
By right apostolic of Pilgrim succession.

She has come to her crown, proportioned to
wear it

By the recognized right of learning and merit.

Here, sons of old Amherst, we loyally muster;
With pride and affection together we cluster
Round one* whom to see is an auspicious
omen—

A *host* though a guest—*venerabile nomen!*

Time was when with fear we beheld him
and trembling;
When a glance of his eye shot through all
dissembling;
When he called, and we rose, with blushing
and stammer,
To offer new views of translation and grammar !
When, after linguistical vaulting and tumble,
We took our seats, punctured and angry, but
humble.

Our cheek, if we had it, availed not a tittle,
For we knew that he knew that we knew but
little.

* Professor W. S. Tyler, the veteran head of the Greek department of the college.

In vain did we trust interlining and “pony”—
He always detected the part that was *Bohny*,*
And made us feel this was no matter to sin
in—

Very much, I suppose, like a fly with a pin
in!

We wandered with him o'er the Caucasus
mountains,
Abundant in horrors and ice-water fountains,
Where lay poor Prometheus, whose surname was
“Vinctus”!

Vainly wishing to be Prometheus *extinctus*!
’Twas a play, I believe, for a low Greek “thay-
ater”—

’Twas little like play to the Freshman transla-
tor.

What scandalous scanning old Aeschylus put in!
’Twas a muddle all through when we got our
foot in.

* Students will remember the part that Bohn's Classical Library played in the recitation room.

Where Athens spreads over the Mount Lyca-bettus,

Where, in the near view, stands the honied Hy-mettus,

Where Socrates, walking unshod in his glory,
Flung interrogation points out, *con amore*,
We all fell into line and joined the procession,
And gave the Socratic idea an expression,
So subtle, so dextrous, so Grecian in spirit,
The master himself would have gloried to hear it!

And one thing I know—that if, in the far
ages,

Our professor shall meet that foremost of sages,
Who married Xanthippe for the good it would
do him

To let her invective and tirade pursue him,
He'll seek out the sage with the query, "Now
what is

*Your name up above, *Socrates* or *Socratus*

* The Professor was implored, when in Athens, not to say *Socrates*, but to adopt the later pronunciation, *Socratus*.

With the science of one who'd often been
through it,

The professor discoursed on "*Ilium fuit*";
And looked down from his chair, like Jove
from Mount Ida,

To watch lest a skulker, all deftly, should hide a
Small beast of burden under lee of the benches,
As Greeks of old time built their horse in the
trenches.

With him so renowned, the blind poet of
Scio,

(Unless inspirations more recent from Clio
Should declare him a native of ancient Ohio)
We laid siege to Troy, though our feet halted
sadly,

And rugged hexameters hectored us madly;
Saw the Trojans fall fast, like beasts in the
shambles,

For Helen, the fairest and frailest of damsels,
Who had'nt a redingote, no, nor a bustle;

No point appliquè, nor a silk dress to rustle,
Nor a pair of Burt's shoes, nor a Harper's Ba-
zar—

Not much of a woman to stir up a great war!

The twang of a bow-string that told of Apollo
Rang oft in our ears, and as often would follow
The giant exploits of those heroes in battle—
The ring of the sword and the javelin's rattle
On helmet and shield. And if e'er a brave
goddess,

With a heart beating fast beneath her mailed
bodice,

Had heard us describing her cunning and valor,
Had seen our fine frenzy, and marked our
deep pallor,

She'd have dropped a salt tear, quick wiping
her *blue* eye,

As she sighed, "I was there, yes! *Magna*
pars fui."

We saw the great chieftains, the mighty Ajaxes,
Hurl their death-dealing spears and brandish
their axes,

And the speeches of Jove and Juno and Ve-
nus,

We and the professor translated between us!

When Thetis' grim son, without reason or
pity,

Gave Hector the spear-thrust that vanquished
the city;

When Hecuba's plaint and Andromache's weep-
ing

Smote the air with a grief too bitter for keeping,
We could not but see our professor was hu-
man—

With a brave, manly heart, but tender as wo-
man.

As the glass searches out the fashion of Saturn,
So the contact of years disclosed his true pat-
tern ;

So we got through his masks, one after another,
Until we beheld him a man and a brother
To trust and believe in with young men's de-
votion—

To welcome to-night with all grateful emotion.

And now I will say, even though our sage
Nestor

Is growing uneasy, no doubt distressed for
A chance to apply the old-time college cut-off—.
With a solemn “Pause there!” this exercise
shut off—

I will say of him who now sits there before us,
What my heart bids me say—what you'll say
in chorus :

Long, long may he live, to old Amherst a
blessing,

Until our sons, reverent, shall round him be
pressing,

Learning truth from his lips as age o'er him gathers,

With a zest and delight surpassing their fathers.

And when late he goes, may his mantle and spirit

Him clothe and imbue who his place shall inherit;

And Socrates tell him, just at the bright portal,

“I’ve waited and hungered to see thee immortal!”

We surround him again, with greeting and gladness,

But an undertone blends and trembles with sadness;

There is light on the scene, but shadows float over;

Men were who are not, and our memories hover

Round the scenes of old time with figures and
faces

Which have vanished away from desolate places;
The altars still stand with their incense still
burning,

But strange look the priests to the wand'lers
returning.

We gratefully think of men earnest, forgiv-
ing,

Who have slept and awaked in the land of the
living,

Who bore with our faults, effervescence and
rudeness,

Who drew us away from our juvenile crudeness,
And helped us to rise toward the truer and bet-
ter;

To each and to all we are each of us debtor.
We honored them living—shall honor them
ever,

And thankfully claim, after crossing the river,

Our Hitchcock and Snell, our Stearns and our
Haven—

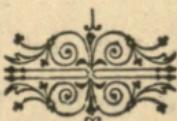
Men faithful on earth and welcomed to Heaven.

My classmates, Brothers of the long ago!
The flood of years with its resistless flow
Has borne us on. Not now with youthful grace
And untried sinew, stand we where the race
Begins. Two decades bring us far along
To summit levels and the crowding throng
Of busy men—not now to stand and see
What the requirement or reward may be,
Not now to gird us freshly for the strife—
The long endurance and the cost of life—
As when we started in the years behind,
Our varied fitness and our spheres to find.
Not now the problem what we are to be
Or what to do. Not now to bend the knee
And ask, “O Lord, what work hast Thou for
me?”

But asking, rather, to be strong and wise
To do the work that round about us lies;
Beneath the glowing of the midday sun
To urge the battle that is well begun—
To know their joy who sure, obtaining, run.

The laureate poet, fifty years gone by,
Waved graceful back, from those about to die,
A salutation. Though we stand not now
So near the hoary mountain's sunlit brow,
We catch the "Hail" of voices on before,
And eager hosts, oncoming evermore,
Call from behind. These voices now converge
Our steps to quicken and our zeal to urge,
For sake of those who follow in our lead—
In sight of those between us and the dead—
That we, with manhood's strength and fire of
youth,
May do good battle in behalf of truth,
And win, before the gathered witness-cloud,
The proudest glory unto man allowed—

The glory whose supreme and glad award
Is the “Well done” and “Welcome” of the
Lord!





SIGHT THROUGH TEARS.

EARLY, alone, from shortened rest,
The woman of the Lord so blest,
Upheld, enlightened, comforted,
Went out to see where He was laid.

She came, and lo! a new surprise,
In the dim morning, met her eyes;
The stone, so set and sealed, behold!
Back from its place was strangely rolled,
And He was gone; O mocking fate!
O woman, crushed and desolate,
To whom the solace is denied
To weep her sacred dead beside!

Stunned, smitten, fearful, over-cast,
She wondering, trembling, fled in haste,

Bereaved and agonized to say,
“The Lord—they’ve taken Him away !”

They heard, His startled, chosen few,
Amazed—and she that bore Him too;
Heard with alarm that throbbing word,
“I know not where they’ve laid the Lord !”

Quick at the tidings Peter ran,
Eager, impetuous, like the man,
Pushed, in the gloaming, through the door,
Saw laid-off clothes and nothing more,
And turned away. But Mary stood,
As in the stress of orphanhood,
And wept for Him she saw not; then
She peered into the crypt again ;

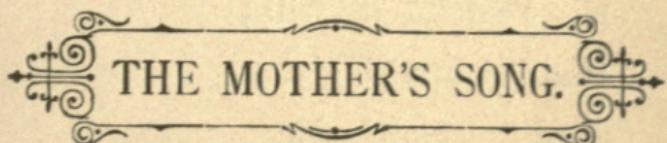
And, as if tears her eyes had cleared,
Dissolving all that interfered
With sight of forms unseen, divine,
She saw two angels sit and shine;
Then, questioning much and sore afraid,
Stepped backward, with averted head,

And saw the Lord who there had slept,
Shown first to her who stood and wept
Near by the tomb ; waited alone,
When Peter and the rest were gone,
And sorrowed for the Crucified,
That rifled resting-place beside.

O Chrism blest of loving tears,
How often still, through thee appears
The grace of spirit forms divine,
Who by our dead still sit and shine !

Our eyes like Peter's feel thy touch—
Eyes curious, questioning over-much—
And we see angels, where before,
Was emptiness and nothing more.

Nay ! Better, sweeter, gladder still,
Our darkened souls with light to fill,
We see the Lord, not lost nor dead,
But living, risen as He said ;
In valleys over-shadowed found,
Revealed through tears and rainbow-crowned !



THE MOTHER'S SONG.

NESTLING so gracefully,
Sleeping so peacefully,
My darling, my dove;
Saviour approvingly,
Tenderly, lovingly
Look from above.

Eyes that so merrily,
Pleasantly, cheerily
Sparkled and shone;
Eyes that all tearfully,
Wonderingly, fearfully
Viewed the unknown;

Tongue that so wittily,
Saucily, prettily
Prattled at will ;
Prattled untiringly,
Mother admiringly
Listening still;

Mouth that appealingly,
Touchingly, feelingly
Trouble did tell;
Mouth that so speedily
Laughing right readily
Rang like a bell;

Lips where in cosiness,
Beauty and rosiness
Sweet kisses hide;
Lips where disdainfully,
Pettishly, painfully,
Passion did bide;

Hands that all beautiful,
Teachable, dutiful,
Fondled and played;
Hands that so skillfully,
Secretly, willfully,
Law disobeyed;

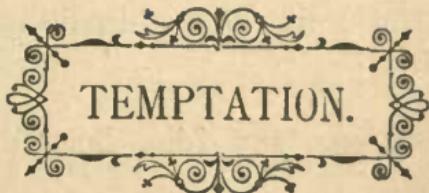
Feet that so lightsomely,
Trippingly, blithesomely,
Sported and danced;
Feet whose swift cheeriness
Wore into weariness
As day advanced;

Nestling so peacefully,
Carelessly, gracefully,
Are ye to-night;
Quietly, trustfully,
Silently, restfully
Waiting for light.

Mother bends over thee,
Kisses fond cover thee,
 Fairest that lives,
Lovable, beautiful !
All that's undutiful
 Mother forgives.

Rest in security,
Image of purity,
 My darling, my dove;
God's mercy flow to thee;
Angels speak low to thee;
 Keep thee in love.





TEMPTATION.

A PLANT all beautiful and sweet and rare,
Sheltered from storm and blighting
eastern air,
Under my hand and eye grew tall and fair.

The lifted flower-cup was an airy throne,
Of beauty ravishing and rarely known;
In pride of life and strength my fav'rite shone.

I once forgot it—for one treacherous hour—
There came a blast of winter and no power
Could give me back my blasted, fallen flower!

And I was as that flower; a loving hand
Flung shelter round me as affection planned;
Shielded, upborne, I did not truly stand,

But, vain and foolish, I believed me strong;
I scorned the souls that fell, deep-stained with
wrong,

And sang, serene, my idle, boastful song.

“Why curse ye fate or God,” I proudly said
To some who even lacked for daily bread.

“Why do your hearts rebel above your dead?”

I asked of some who, through their blinding
tears—

Their shuddering grief and all distorting fears—
Saw not the light that on the cloud appears.

“Why give ye rein to appetite and lust?”

“Why are ye false to honor’s sacred trust?”

I asked, as though not made of common dust!

Then came a change—the want I had not known
Came crashing on me—turned my heart to
stone;

I cursed the fates when hunger was my own.

I stood rebellious by my buried love—
I madly challenged earth and heaven to prove
That God, a loving Father, reigns above.

I yielded soon when once temptation came;
I sank with those I late contemned with
blame;
I wore with them my covering of shame.

My thought of strength was all a dream—a
lie;
My blaming words were hollow mockery—
Strong only in untested strength was I.

But, seeing now my weakness and my need,
Low bowing down, I daily, hourly plead,
“My feet, good Lord, far from temptation
lead!”

And so I stand in vain conceit no more;
I keep my guard about my bosom’s door,
Nor judge nor boast, as in my pride before.

They stand secure, who shrink from sin in
fear;

Trust not themselves, but keeping ever near
To Jesus' side, dwell in His love so dear.

O blessed Christ, O Lamb without a spot!
Purging with blood each marring, sin-made blot,
Into temptation, Saviour, lead us not!



THE RIVER TO THE NIGHT.*

O WELCOME, yes, welcome, thou blessed night!

Thrice welcome art thou to me;
In thee I may go, with a peaceable flow,
Far on to the measureless sea—
The sea that is waiting for me.

Oh, cruel and galling the yoke I wear;
Dark night, I murmur to thee;
In bondage I go, with laborious flow,
To rest in the welcoming sea—
The sea that is calling to me.

O Freedom, glorious, no longer mine,
My thoughts are ever of thee;

* Written while the author was living in the valley of one of those hard-worked New England rivers, of which so much is exacted on the way to the ocean.

Ne'er again shall I know the rapturous flow
That once marked my way to the sea—
The sea that was asking for me.

O music, sweet music, thou merciful night,
Is thy deep silence to me;
A passage of woe is my turbulent flow
Down, down to the sheltering sea—
The sea that is refuge for me.

The story is long of my thrall-dom to wrong;
I cannot portray the half in my song.
From the heart of the North into light I
leaped forth,
As free as the bird to sing through the earth;
To the hills with my voice I shouted,
“Rejoice!”
And echo caught up the jubilant noise,
And the “hail” of the rill to each answering
hill,
Repeated in tones that never were still.

The trees, as in love, waved their banners
above,

And laughed as I kissed the feet of the grove;
Over me, in my bed, their branches they
spread,

A shield from the sun that blazed overhead.

I gathered the brooks from inviolate nooks
Of mountain recess and sentinel rocks,

To journey with me, as, unbridled and free,
A child of delight, I rolled to the sea.

The grasses that grew on either bank drew
This life from my depths, their delicate hue.

The birds dipped the bill, quickly drinking their
fill,

And rendered their thanks with warble and
trill.

I bore the lillies, sweet-scented flotillas,
Wafting afar to hamlets and villas
Breath richly laden for lover and maiden—
Incense like that of morning in Eden.

I mirrored the grace and the sportive embrace
Of children down-looking into my face.

I toyed with the wheel of the merry boy's
mill,

Or swept it along if thwarting my will,
Ne'er dreaming that he e'er a tyrant could be,
To lay heavy hands and ruthless on me.

No law I obeyed, as I loitered in shade,
Still lying and dark in thicket and glade;
With a frolicsome run till the journey was
done,

I played at bo-peep with the stars and the sun;
I crept among sedges, darted down ledges,
Headlong I leaped on boulders and wedges
Of rough, riven rock, as, with laughter and
moeck,

I burst away aught my progress would block.
No hard master ruled me—glad, triumphing,
free,

I joyfully journeyed on to the sea!

But alas! for the days and alas! for the ways
I sadly recall, regretfully praise.

The light-hearted boy, with impertinent toy,
A monster has grown, my peace to destroy.

My freedom has gone, now a master I own,
And wearing his yoke I murmur and moan.

I grind in the mill; I am broke on the wheel;
I beat out my life on copper and steel;

The oak, mountain giant, gnarléd, defiant,
Dismembered, I shape, to strange uses pliant.

The spindles I drive and the looms in the
hive

Where man and machine seem both all alive.
From dawn's early gray till the light fades

away,

A captive enthralled, I wearily play.

Afar I am led from my own chosen bed;
I'm beaten to foam, to tatters am shred.

Once, all the day long, the bright birds blent
their song

In chorus above as I stole along;
Now I scarcely can hear their melodies clear,
So loud whir the wheels and rattle their gear.

When pitiful skies, giving heed to my sighs.,
Pour down at my cry unwonted supplies,
My strength comes again. A brief carnival then
Is mine, in loss and disasters of men!

I burst off their bands with Briarean hands;
I choke up their wheels with gathering sands;
To their sorrow and cost, in wealth deluge-
tost,

I madly avenge the freedom I lost!
Enslaved and oppressed, thus my wrongs are
redressed;

My fury abates—contented, I rest.

Then, worse than before, cruel tyrants restore
The yoke and the chain—a captive once more,
I must painfully go, bruised, broken and slow,
To soothe me and rest in the ocean below.

Then welcome, yes, welcome, thou blessed night!

Reprise thou bringest to me;

In darkness I know brief repose as I go

On, on to my home in the sea—

The sea that is thirsting for me.

A vision, stern vision, thou tyrant man,

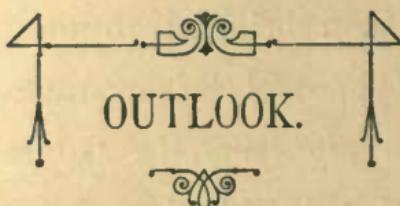
Of fate that hangs over thee!

Time's river doth go with hurrying flow

Swift, swift to the infinite sea—

The sea that is waiting for thee.





OUTLOOK.

IV'E ships that are sailing under the world,
With weather-worn sails, with banners unfurled;

They gather such wealth ! O, nobody knows
The treasure they hold—a treasure that grows
As each new horizon kisses their keels—
As each ElDorado splendor reveals.

My fancy oft turns and eager, to feast
On spoils late reft from the opulent East,
That settle my ships low down in the sea,
As homeward they sail, deep-laden, to me.

It's far they have gone—so far from the West
The richest lies hid, the dearest and best,
And only the choice, the wonderful, rare,

My ships are enjoined to gather and bear
To me as longing I wait by the sea,
And live in the joy their coming will be.

O, fair are my ships, the fairest that sail,
Built staunchly to breast the billow or gale;
I will not believe by whirlpools they're tost—
On any Charybdis broken and lost,
So precious are they. And yet, like a boy
Elate with the thought of swift coming joy,
I'd welcome the sight of sails torn and gray—
It's long since my ships were wafted away.

I think—but distance confuses the eye—
The tips of tall masts prick into the sky,
Just over the convex breast of the sea
That hides the hull of each vessel from me.

But they sink—they're lost now under the line
Of vision—they marked no vessels of mine.
From dream so joyous I wake with a start;
A hope, long deferred, breeds sickness of heart.

But, courage I'll hold; I'll chide not their stay;
They still ride the wave—sail further away,
To gladden me more when out of the sea
They rise 'gainst the sky and hasten to me.
They steer, I'll be sure, through intricate straits,
Toward cities unnamed, with glittering gates
Uplifted that forth my treasure may flow;
Toward harvests unreaped they hurrying go;
Toward shores where the trees, fruit-laden and
fair,

Bend low to the hand—where even the air
Shall carrier be of all that is best
For me as I wait and watch in the West.

'Twould cheer me to see, e'er gathers the dark,
One ship of the fleet—one home-coming bark;
It cannot be true, O, perish my fears!
That they have gone down—that ne'er thro' the
years

They, out of the morning, sailing will come,
And anchor again in the harbor of home!

Once airy creations, beautiful, bright,
Were floating near by in glad, golden light;
They seemed, just before, enticing to stand,
But ever escaped the grasp of my hand.
They mocked me. Alas ! I hoped evermore ;
Fruitions of hope they tauntingly bore
Just out of my reach, above and before.
Was there no good in the promises fair
That kindled my soul in struggle and prayer ?
Those airy creations, O, were they naught,
And held they no more than shadows of thought ?

Somewhere, I will trust, their pinions are
furled—

The good that they bore is yet in the world;
Somewhere, far away, they yet may be found;
With blessings they held, the finder be crowned.
To whatever clime they, vanishing, fled,
By wave borne and breeze my vessels have
sped.

They'll come by and by—they'll certainly come—

I wait but a little to welcome them home.
All that escaped me secured they will bring,
My gallant, good ships, as if to a king.

O, ye swift winds, that encircle the sphere,
Where left ye my ships, so gallant and dear ?
Their sails did ye kindly lift from the mast,
And fill them and strain as ye hurried past ?

O eagle, afloat against the clear sky,
Unblinded by light or storm, does thine eye,
So sweeping and keen, through distance and
mist

See a vessel of mine rise out of the East,
Her prow proudly plowing planes of the sea,
As she comes to enrich and satisfy me ?

The ocean is blank—no favoring sign
Encourages me. O, venture of mine,
Can hope so deceive ? Is everything lost ?
Is there no return, the ocean once crossed ?
Some ship of the fleet, the least of them all,

Might make her port though disaster befall
The many that sailed so gaily away !
Though waters engulf that goodly array.

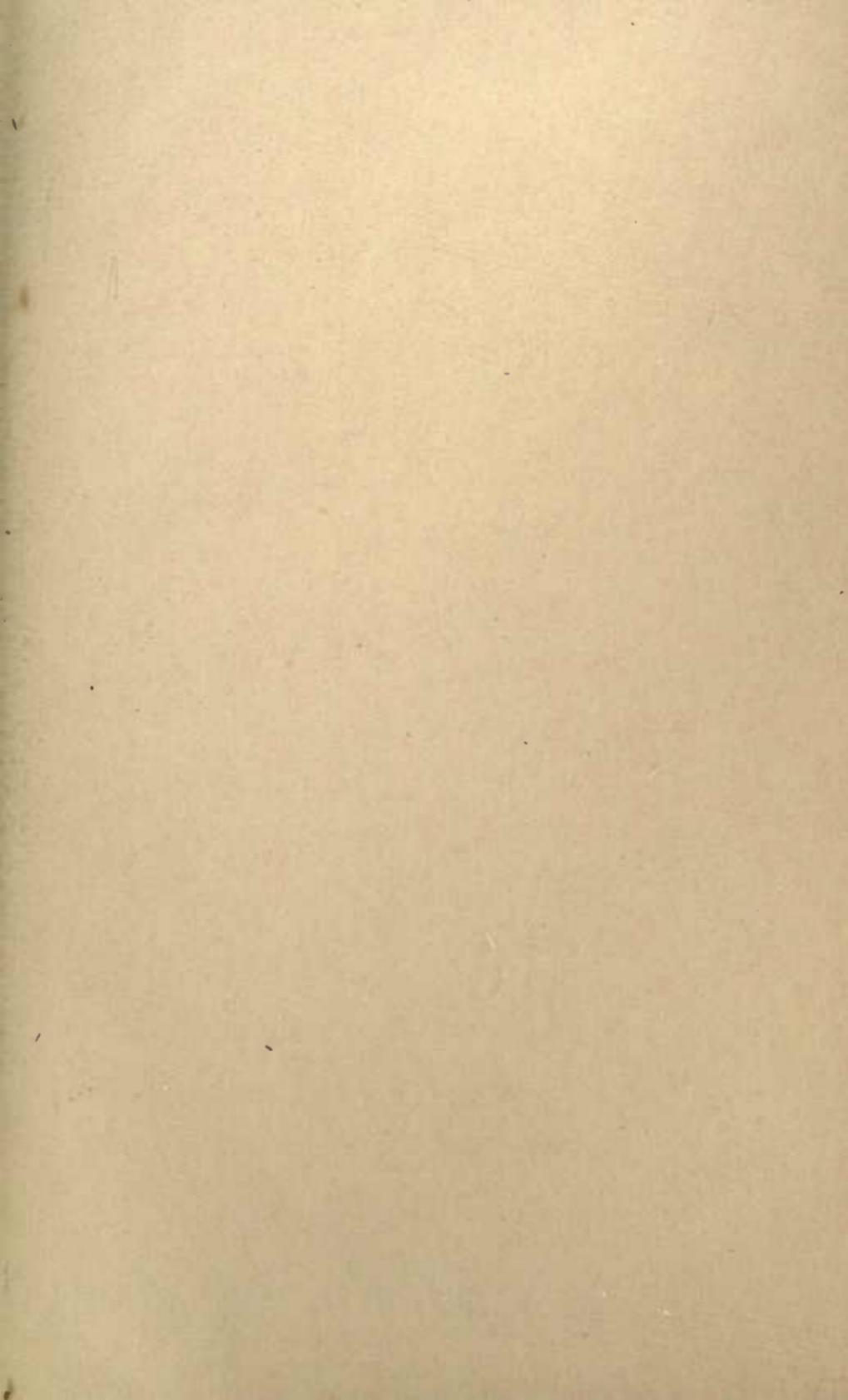
Weary, I climb to the outlook again,
But vaeaney vast broods over the main !
They're coming no more—all promises fail ;
The breeze blowing in brings never a sail !

It may be I've longed so eagerly, sore,
For good that never can visit this shore ;
That blessing I eraved, the beautiful, rare,
Could never endure the touch of our air ;
That treasures divinest could not be brought,
But where they abide must ever be sought.
Yes, bidden I am to go to the best—
Not staying but going, I may be blest.

So, I soon shall embark and sail o'er the sea,
To find out my ships, wherever they be.
They're safe in sweet havens, sheltered and fair;

I'll find them, well stored, awaiting me there.
Perchance as I catch the opposite tide
And reach the far shore—that never-seen side—
I'll gain more than all I sent them to bring,
E'en treasure and crown befitting a king !





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